

DRAKE (CONT'D)
It's polite to knock first. Just
because we're "monsters" does not
mean we must let civility go out
the window.

The Colonel doesn't respond, just simply SNARLS. Not a hint
of a smile. He hands Lucy a clipboard, she signs.

DRAKE (CONT'D)
That's the problem with this place.
Everyone's so competitive, so
hostile. Nobody takes the time to
really get to know --

Strong CLEARS HIS THROAT, standing impatient, his lip raised.

COLONEL STRONG
Can I just get my damn clipboard
back?

Drake rolls his eyes.

EXT. THE SUMMERS HOME - EVENING

A one-story ranch house in need of some work, on a quiet
suburban street. The paint chipped away, the lawn in need of
a trim.

A MINIVAN parked in the driveway.

SARAH (V.O.)
You're sure it looks okay?

INT. THE SUMMERS HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - EVENING

Looking in the mirror, SARAH SUMMERS, 37, twirls around
showing off her flower-patterned dress. She's dirty blonde,
radiant.

ALEX
Trust me. It looks great.

ALEX, 18, her freckle-faced, brunette, devoted daughter sits
on the bed watching...judging...a silver angel necklace
around her neck.

SARAH
It doesn't look too mom-ish? Not
that I'm like, ashamed to be a mom
or anything, it's just...

She throws herself down on the bed.

SARAH (CONT'D)

(sighing)

I haven't done this in a while,
like since cavemen walked the
earth.

Alex sits her mom upright, grabbing her by the shoulders and pushing hair behind her ears.

ALEX

Look, you need to stop freaking
out. I'll be honest...you do look
like a mom, but a smokin HOT mom.
Like one of those Wisteria Lane
chicks or Kate Gosselin.

SARAH

Oh, god.

Sarah falls back down on the bed.

INT. THE SUMMERS HOME - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

NICK, 35, attractive in a scruffy, Chicago flannel sort of way, sits on a worn leather recliner...clearly uncomfortable, can't decide which way to cross his legs.

NICK

Sooooo...you guys are Sarah's kids,
huh? How long has that been going
on?

We now see that, sitting on the couch across from him, sit two kids. BEN, 13, kind of a pudgy punk with one of those odd wool newsboy hats...

...And MAGGIE, 6, clenching her stuffed monkey, the epitome of adorable.

BEN

Well Maggie's seven. I'm thirteen.
You do the math.

Maggie nudges her brother and whispers in his ear.

BEN (CONT'D)

My mistake. She's seven and a
half.

NICK
Seven and a half? Well then that
changes everything.

SARAH (O.S.)
I hope they're not giving you too
much trouble.

Nick turns to find Sarah coming down the hall, frozen in awe
of her beauty. He stands, his shirt half-tucked in.

NICK
Wow, you look...like a hot mom.

Alex enters, giving her mom a thumbs up.

From his jacket, Nick pulls a somewhat damaged rose and hands
it off to Sarah.

SARAH
For me?

ALEX
A single rose? What is this, The
Bachelor?

BEN
God I love that show.

NICK
Did The Bachelor really take all
the romance out of roses?

Sarah takes it anyway, giving Nick a hug in return.

SARAH
Nick, I accept your rose. It's
perfect.

She puts on her sweat jacket, the two beginning to head out
the door. Sarah stops before her kids, giving them each a
kiss on the forehead as they're all lined up in a row.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Alex, please don't let Maggie wait
up for me. Make sure Ben does his
homework. And --

ALEX
Just, go. Be safe.

Sarah smiles, proud, then turns to leave until Maggie latches
herself onto her leg.